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CHARLES TEMPLE DIX.

WHILE yet the snow covered the land of his nativity with a spotless winding-sheet, a young American gentleman, and artist, died in the Eternal City, beneath the sunny skies of Italy. He was a man so fond of art, so gentle in his manner, with a heart so full of sunshine, it seems fitting that he should have seen the last of earth surrounded by so much which is beautiful, by an atmosphere filled with great memories and the sanctities of religion, beneath a heaven always smiling. The late Charles Temple Dix died in Rome on the 11th of March, 1873, at the early age of thirty-five. We give on this page a most excellent and satisfactory portrait of him, drawn by the hand of a brother-artist who knew him well, and knew him but to love and admire. He was a son of Major-General John A. Dix, the present Governor of the State of New York, and was born at Albany on the 25th of February, 1838. At a very early age he developed a decided talent for art-work, which finally took complete possession of him, and determined his future course in life. After his preparatory academic course, he entered Union College at Schenectady, N. Y. At the end of his first college year, the wise and venerable Doctor Nott, President of the college, wrote to his father, General Dix, that his son's thoughts were so much engrossed by sketching and devotion to art, it would be far better to let his genius follow its natural direction at once, instead of waiting for him to complete his collegiate course. In accordance with this suggestion his father wrote to him, and left the question to be determined by himself. Availing himself of the option, he decided to leave college and enter at once upon his art studies.

In the winter of 1857 Charles Temple Dix spent three months in the studio of Edward Moran, the distinguished marine painter, in Philadelphia. At the end of that time, so rapid and great had been his progress, Mr. Moran told his pupil that his drawing was perfect, and no artist could teach him more than he already knew. He was advised to devote himself to the study of nature. Shortly after this Mr. Dix's pictures of marine subjects began to be exhibited in the National Academy of Design, in New York, where they attracted attention as indicative of more than ordinary genius in that branch of art.

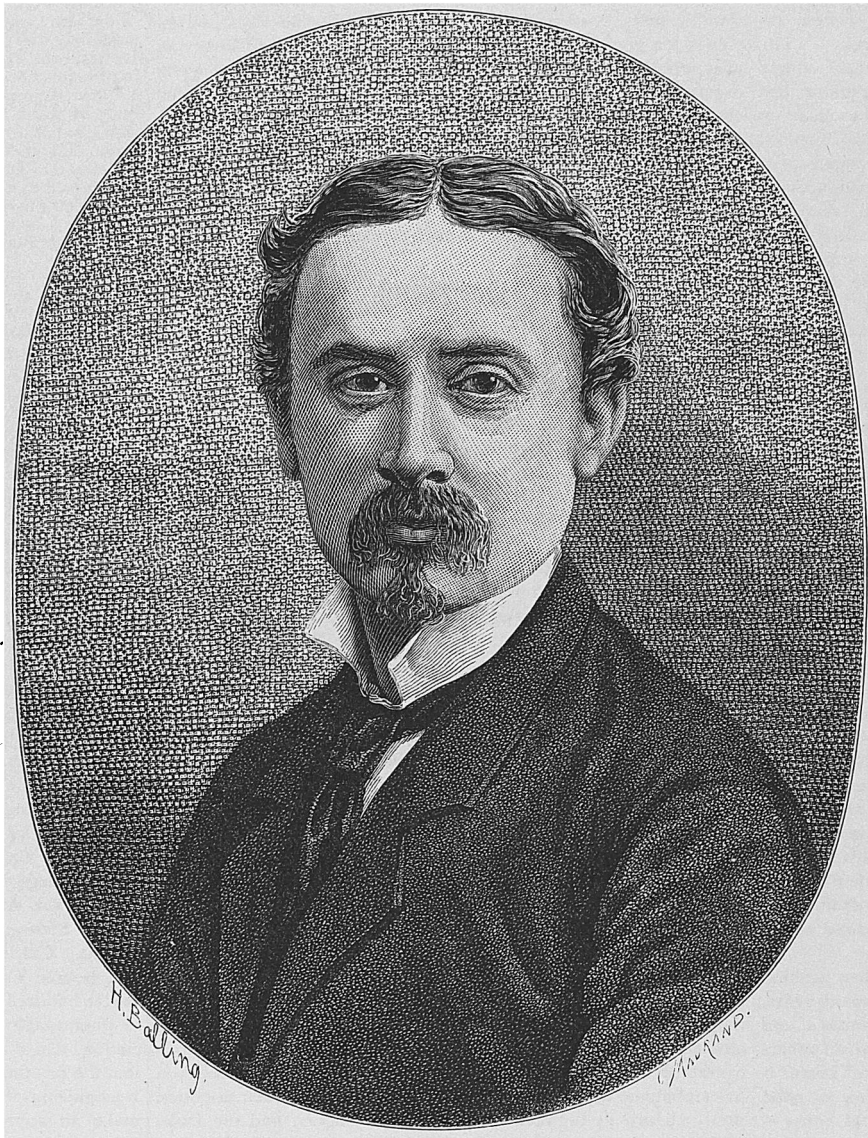
In 1859 he made a voyage in a sailing-vessel to Gibraltar for the purpose of sketching the rock, and familiarizing himself with ships, their details of rigging, sails, etc., as well as studying the effects of calms and storms upon the ocean. Upon his return to America he produced many fine works, devoting himself entirely to his profession, until the commencement of the war for the Union. When that broke out he threw aside his brushes, and was soon commissioned First Lieutenant in the Fourteenth United States Regular Infantry. And in this connection it is a singular fact that not only his father, but his paternal grandfather also, had served before him in the United States Infantry, in the regiment of the same number—the Fourteenth. In the course of the civil conflict he was assigned to staff duty by the Secretary of War, and served upon his father's staff, with the rank of Major, until the close of the Rebellion, when he was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel for meritorious conduct and faithful service.

Late in the spring of 1865 Major Dix sailed for Barcelona, Spain, and from thence proceeded to Rome, in which city, and in London, he pursued his studies until death closed his career. He spent two summers on the Island of Capri, and two in the Channel Islands and on the coast of Cornwall. In the spring of 1872 he went to Venice, remaining there for two months. His last pictures are from sketches made there. Says a brother-artist, writing from Rome a few days after his death: "His pictures of Venice and Capri; the boats which he knew and loved like a child and like an artist; those bright Venetian sails covered with religious symbols and glorious with color, flapping idly against the mast,

or spread full in the wind, so superb in the sun, against the far-off sky and the dazzling waters of the wide lagoons! They are all there in his studio, and must make us mourn that we have lost the man, and yet again that we have lost the artist."

In the Royal Academy, London, one of his pictures was accorded the distinction of the red star, a mark of unusual merit, and a distinction sought for by all exhibitors in that famed gallery of paintings. Besides the pictures which adorn his father's residence in New York, other works of his are in possession of Mr. John J. Astor, Jr., Mr. William T. Blodgett, Mr. Henry Farnam, Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, Professor D. Cady Eaton, and many other prominent citizens of New York. At the Century Club in New York can be seen one of his pictures, "A Sunset in Capri," painted for, and presented by him to the Club, of which he was a member.

Charles Temple Dix was married at All Saints' Church, Kensington, London, on the 9th of March, 1868, to a very lovely and accomplished English lady, a niece of the late Mrs. Anna Jameson, the celebrated English writer, well known in this country.



CHARLES TEMPLE DIX.—H. BALLING.

His remains rest in the English Cemetery at Rome; and it is hardly probable that they will ever be disturbed, as it was the wish of his wife, and, it is thought, his own, that he should rest in the city he loved so well and which he had made his home. He took a deep interest in the welfare of the American colony in Rome, and contributed toward the foundation of the American Protestant Church in that city.

The death of Major Dix was sudden and unexpected. He had been ill but about ten days, and at the last he expired from hemorrhage, on the day his physicians held out great hopes of his recovery. The news of his death carried sorrow to many a household in Europe and America, for he had an extended circle of friends, and was loved and admired wherever he was known.

Eugene Benson, the artist, published a tribute to the memory of Major Dix, in the *Swiss Times*, Rome, shortly after his death, in which he said: "We have to deplore the loss of a man who had the most winning social qualities, the unobtrusive and courteous spirit of a gentleman, and the agreeable talent of an artist. The man was so gentle, and his gentleness was graced by such a quiet and true play of humor, that his presence was illuminating and quickening to the best social fellowship. The death of so young

an artist and so lovable a man is a severe blow; for the artist has been cut off in the best days of his development, and the man taken away when he was most endeared by all those associations which held so large a place in the life of foreigners upon a foreign soil. His pictures have always been noticeable for some of the most attractive and spirited characteristics of good art, and wear a genuine expression of the nature of the artist."

TRANSLATIONS OF AMERICAN BOOKS IN EUROPE.

It is a singular fact that American books are more popular than English works on the continent of Europe. This is best shown by the number of translations of the standard English and American novelists into the languages of France, Germany and Italy. While of the works of Dickens and Thackeray there have been published in Germany but two translations, there are now in course of publication in that country ten different editions of Cooper's novels. In France, no complete edition of Thackeray's works, translated into the language of that country, has ever been published; but of Washington Irving's and Hawthorne's books seven translations have been issued.

In Italy, no foreign poet is more popular than William Cullen Bryant. His best poems have been translated again and again into the languages of the Sunny Land; and, at the last Commencement exercises of the Roman Lyceum, the young Count Marco Senaro earned rapturous applause by reciting a self-made translation of Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

Longfellow is the favorite poet of the Spaniards. No less than four translations exist in that country of his poetical works, and "Excelsior" and "The Psalm of Life" are as familiar to the señoritas of Madrid and Seville as to the ladies of New York and Boston. Cooper, too, is a great favorite among the Spaniards; and of Dergondez's excellent translation of the "Leather Stocking Tales" upward of one hundred thousand copies have been sold in the last ten years.

In Russia, too, American literature is exceedingly popular. The *feuilletons* of the *Golos*, the *Mir*, the *Northern Bee*, and the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, consist exclusively of translations of American novels; and among the few books in the nine thousand public libraries of the great Northern Empire is a Russian translation, by Xinursky Ridolaff, of Washington Irving's "Alhambra."

In Holland there is an extraordinary demand for American books, and at Leyden, the famous university city, a bookseller has found it profitable to issue what he calls an "American Library," the first six volumes of which consist of Longfellow's "Outrenier," Cooper's "Prairie," and Washington Irving's "Life of Washington."

Even in the far north of the Old World, American literature has recently become exceedingly popular. In Sweden, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has had a sale of one hundred thousand copies, far exceeding that of any book ever published in the language of the country. The Norwegians read Bryant's poetry with genuine enthusiasm in Sternaer's excellent translation; and, if Americans are diligent readers of Hans Christian Andersen's works, the countrymen of the great story-teller of Denmark return America the compliment of being eager readers of the best novels published in the United States. Mr. Terstensen, in Copenhagen, an enterprising publisher, has issued, since 1868, six hundred volumes of his "Transatlantic Library," embracing nearly all that is good in American literature for the past thirty years.

Turkey is not exempt from this European predilection for standard American novels. The *Journal de Constantinople* has published a translation of Julian Hawthorne's "Bressant," and Cooper's wild and romantic "Leather Stocking Tales" are read to the customers of the *cafés* in the imperial city on the Golden Horn in an Arabian translation by professional lecturers.

—Max A. Muller.